

Streets Keep Callin' Me

E-40

Sometimes I wonder, was I playing maybe
Or was I a accident, made a oops baby
No disrespect to ma mother, but at times I wish ma daddy used the rubber
My family and relatives used to say I need to stop what I'm doing and come t
o church
But when they need to borrow some money they ask me first
Used to be the rustiest filthiest dirty spoon in the sink
Now all the brawds wanna gimmi their hot wet pink
Tryna get ma wands up, pockets fat like the blob
Pull up on tha aff with ridiculous throb
Slap and click shift, like that old school mob
3 12's in the truck doing it's job
If you look carefully in ma pupils you'll find
Misery and triumph, to struggle in hard times
I come from a broken home, same clothes for weeks
Couldn't find love at home, so I found it on the streets (ooh)

Yea they got me in the streets again (streets again)
I'm always a repeat again (repeat again)
Gotta get back up on ma feet again (feet again)
I'm turning right and again they keep callin me
Like hey
Like hey
Like hey
Like hey
Like hey
Like hey
The streets they be callin me

Like hey
(I'm out)

How come all the bad ones live forever (forever)
And the good ones gotta die (die)
Death is like onions, it'll make you cry (cry)
Me and the coco plat game got a love hate relationship
I wanna quit her, but I got a hell a bills and shit
So I stick it her, and milk d hell up out that bitch
She's a ripper, hell, all a my dudes did fuck dat bitch
That they kissed her, all in her mouth and coochie lips
I am gonna fix her, even though in my mind I am light weight broke
In my mind I got hoe, In my mind she is my sole mate, should I break-
up or elope
In my brain she is my day meds but I don't want her no more
In my brain it a shame but I don't wanna be proud
Now that an eye opener, a nail bitter, a head scratcher, a light bulb
Question mark, a mind bobbler, a dice throwh, crap shoot, a coin tosser, a h
air riser, a caution you for a jaw dropper

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My mouthpiece make transactions
I keep a pistol real close neva know when shit can happen
The trifling bitch pillow talking now we get some action, soft as teddy bear
y'all don't kill the player's fashion
Hoods turn on each other man that's my life
I gave the bomber five, he told me to keep the hope alive
I slide off in the S looking like a few grand, hands red blood money, then f
low through these hands
Stamp them like brand, vegetable hands, raised with hoodlums patience thin l
ike a grain of sand
Been a man since my mom passed away on me (homie), rocking diamond chains ma
ke the hater wanna smash on me (ohh)

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